

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

September 16, Sunday.—Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

- „ 17, Monday.—Stigmata of St. Francis.
- „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Joseph Cupertino, Confessor.
- „ 19, Wednesday.—SS. Januarius and Companions, Martyrs. Ember Day. Fast.
- „ 20, Thursday.—SS. Eustachius and Companions, Martyrs.
- „ 21, Friday.—St. Matthew, Apostle. Ember Day. Fast.
- „ 22, Saturday.—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bishop and Confessor. Ember Day. Fast, no abstinence.

Stigmata of St. Francis.

God, not content with enriching His saints interiorly with every grace, has also vouchsafed to bestow on certain of them external signs of their conformity to their Crucified Lord, by miraculously imprinting on their bodies the marks of His five Sacred Wounds. One of those who were favored with this extraordinary grace was the scaphic St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Matthew, Apostle.

Before being called to follow Christ, St. Matthew was a tax-gatherer, and bore the name of Levi. After the Ascension he preached for some time in Judea, and under Divine inspiration wrote his Gospel to convince the Jews that Christ was the long-expected Messiah. St. Matthew afterwards proceeded to the East, where he won the crown of martyrdom.

St. Thomas of Villanova, Confessor.

St. Thomas was born near Villanova, in Spain, A.D. 1488. From his parents he inherited that charitable disposition which was his distinguishing characteristic during the whole course of his life. He was also remarkable for a profound humility, which caused him to shun the admiration of the world, and which his appointment to the Archbishopric of Valentia served only to render more evident. St. Thomas died in 1555.

Grains of Gold

SONG OF CONSECRATION.

We place to-day our homesteads in Thy keeping,
O Sacred Heart!
And pray that Thee and we, awake or sleeping,
May never part—
That all our hopes, in sowing or in reaping,
From Thee may start.

We give to Thee the gladness of the morning
When toil begins,
And beg that we may never once be scorning
The truth that wins.
And plead with Thee to give us timely warning
Of crimes and sins.

We give to Thee the noonday in its glory,
When courage grows;
We give to Thee the evening song and story,
The night's repose.
When every thought of jet-black head or hoary
To dreamland goes.

We consecrate the little ones God gave us
To Thee this day,
That their unsullied hearts and minds may save us
From soul decay.
Their prayers avert the sin that would enslave us
On Life's dark way.

Our homes, our hearts, our pain, our joy, our sorrow
We give to Thee,
In hope that some true pleasure we may borrow
From joys that be,
And asking only on some glad to-morrow
God's face to see.



The Storyteller



Knockmagow

OR

The Homes of Tipperary

(By C. J. KICKHAM.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—MR. LLOYD DOES WHAT IRISH LANDLORDS SELDOM DO.

A table at one end of the barn was appropriated to the more distinguished guests, at which Father Hannigan presided, with the bride on his right hand, and an empty chair on his left; for Ned Brophy resolutely resisted all attempts to force him into the seat which Miss Isabella Lloyd had assigned him.

Before the covers were taken off the dishes, however, Mr. Robert Lloyd strolled up to the head of the table and quietly took possession of the unoccupied chair. To his eldest sister's consternation, Mr. Lloyd appeared in his scarlet coat and buckskin breeches, and even had his hunting whip tied over his shoulder.

Ned Brophy, on seeing his landlord, hurried from the lower end of one of the two rows of tables that extended along each side of the barn, and shook him vigorously by the hand.

"Welcome, Mr. Bob," said Ned Brophy. "Begor, I'd never forgive you if you didn't come." And for the first time since his doom was sealed, Ned Brophy was seen to smile.

"This is herself, sir," Ned added. And Mr. Lloyd shook hands with the bride—reaching his arm behind Father Hannigan's back—in quite an affectionate manner; which caused the bride to smile too, apparently for the first time since her doom was sealed. So that Mr. Robert Lloyd chased the clouds from the faces of his tenant and his tenant's wife—a thing which, as a rule, Irish landlords are not much in the habit of doing.

Mat Donovan hurried up to make room for two other unexpected guests at the principal table, and Maurice Kearney and Lory Hanly took their places sufficiently near Miss Lloyd to call up a frightened look into that nervous lady's face when she saw Lory turning round to address her.

As soon as Lory saw his sisters wholly taken up with the doctor, who punctually kept the appointment to which he had casually referred in the evening, the bright idea struck the enamored young gentleman that he had an excuse for paying another visit to his fair enslaver. So as Mary Kearney and Grace were sitting by the fire, and feeling rather dull and lonely, a knock was heard at the door. They listened to know who might be the unexpected visitor, and immediately after the door was opened, Lory walked into the parlor with the jay's large wicker-cage in his arms. They were very glad to see him, and so was Maurice Kearney himself. But Mrs. Kearney evidently looked upon Lory as a dangerous character, and did not consider herself quite safe so long as he was in the house. Lory, however, was asked to sit down; and the expression of his countenance as he stared round him, and then looked at Grace, might be translated "jolly."

Ned Brophy's wedding happened to be mentioned, and the whim seized Mr. Kearney that he and Lory would go there together.

The fact was, the young gentleman's dancing so tickled Maurice Kearney's fancy the evening he first made Lory's acquaintance, that he could not resist the temptation to see him perform again.

"Come, and I'll drive you over," said he, "and you'll have a good night's fun."

"Faith, I will!" exclaimed Lory, in a voice that reminded Mrs. Kearney of her broken tea-cup.

"Will you come?" he added, turning to Grace and waiting for her reply with his eyes very wide open.

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied.

"If you do, I'll dance with nobody else. 'Pon my word I'd rather dance with you than with anybody."

Grace expressed her acknowledgment, but regretted she should deny herself the pleasure.

Mrs. Kearney went to the kitchen to announce to